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THE  
MUSES FIREWORKS

Upon the Fifth of November:

OR,

The Protestants Remembrancer

OF THE

Bloody Designs of the Papists in the Never-to-be-forgotten Powder-Plot, &c.

**H**ail happy hour, wherein that Hellish Plot  
Was found, which, had it prosper'd, might have shot  
At the Celestial Throne; at whose dread stroke  
*Atlas* had reel'd, and both the Poles had shoke:  
And *Tellus* (sympathizing in the woe)  
Had felt an Ague and a Fever too:  
Hell-gates had been set ope, to make men say,

*S. Peter's* Vicar hath mistook his Key.

Methinks I see a dismal gloomy Cell,  
The Lobby-Porch and Wicket unto Hell,  
The Devil's Shop, where great had been his Prize,  
Had he prevail'd to make his Wares to Rise.

Say, gentle Drawer, were they Casks of Beer?  
Or was old *Bacchus* tun'd and firkin'd there?  
Nay, then the Pope's turn'd Vintner: Friends, behold  
What mortal Liguour's at the Mitre sold!

Fire-spewing *Aëna* with good cause may fear  
That her Distemper springs from too much Beer:  
And old *Enceadus* may well confess  
That all his Belching's caus'd by Drunkenness.

Had wretched *Dives* begg'd a Drop of this,  
To allay his heat, the Fool had ask'd amiss:  
His hapless Rhet'rick might have done him wrong,  
'T would have tormented, not have cool'd his Tongue.  
Had *Heber's* Wife but known this Trick of thine,  
She'd spar'd her Milk, and given the Captain Wine.

Strange, sure, had been th' Effects; it would have sped  
Our lawful King and left the Pope instead.  
Right Drunkenness indeed, which, for a space,  
Steals Man away and leaves a Beast in's place.  
'T had caus'd a general intoxication,  
The stag'ring, nay, the downfall of the Nation.

Oh murth'rous Plot! Posterity shall say,  
His Holiness oreshoots *Caligula*.

The Pope by this and such Designs ('tis plain)  
Out-Babels *Nimrod* and out-butchers *Cain*.

About this time the brave *Monteagle*, whose  
Firm love to his Religion rather chose  
To break the Roman Yoke, than see the Reign  
Of decess'd *Mary* wheel about again,  
Receiv'd a Letter in a dubious scence,  
It seem'd a piece of Stygian Eloquence:  
The Characters look'd just like conj'ring Spells;  
For this bout Hell here spoke in Parables.  
The Pope's and Devil's Signets were set to't,  
The cloven Mitre and the cloven Foot.

But shall our State by an unlook'd-for Blow  
Receive a mortal Wound, and yet not know  
The hand that smote her? shall she sigh and cry,  
Like *Polyphemus*, Out is quench'd mine Eye?  
Is *England* by the angry Fates sad Doom  
Condemn'd to play at Hot-cockles with *Rome*:

No, Man of Myst'ries, no, we understand  
Thy Gibb'rish, though thou art confounded, and  
Have found thy meaning; Heav'n can read thy hand.

Thus were our Senate like to be betray'd  
By a strange Egg which *Peter's* Cock had laid:  
For had the Serpent hatch'd it, the Device  
Had prov'd to us a baneful Cockatrice.

Now like proud *Haman* being stretch'd upon  
The heightned Pegs of vain Ambition,  
Above Pride's highest *Ela*, how he took  
Poor *Mordechai's* advancement, and could brook  
Hanging in stead of Honouring; that Curse  
Which made him set the Cart before the Horse:  
Just such was *Faux*, his baffled hopes bequeath  
No comforts now, but thoughts of sudden Death.  
Like *Human's* fate, he only could aspire  
To be advanced fifty Cubits higher.

What *Phabus* said to th' Laurel, that sure he  
Said to the Gallows, *Thou shalt be my Tree*.

But didst thou think, thou mitred Man of *Rome*,  
Who bellowest threatnings and thy dreadful Doom,  
And like *Perillus* roarest in thy Bull  
Curfes and Blasphemies a Nation full,  
At one sad stroke to massacre a Land,  
And make them fall whom heav'n ordain'd to stand.

No, though thy head was fire and thou could turn  
Thy ten branch'd Antler to a Powder horn;  
Still we are safe, till our transgressions merit  
A Reformation from such a Spirit  
As comes from thence: our Nation need not fear  
Dark Lanterns, whilst God's Candlestick is here.  
The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,  
Until our Sins are of a Scarlet-dye.  
Those Horns alone can sound our overthrow,  
And blow us up, which blew down *Jericho*.

Christ bless this Kingdom from intestine quarrels;  
From Schism in Tubs, and Popery in Barrels.

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